

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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JANUARY 9, 1916



## A Farm for a Silk Hat.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

THE depot carriage drove up to the door of the old Turner homestead and S. Henry Turner, brother of the late John Turner, who had owned the farm, alighted. He believed that it was for the best interests of his brother's children to dispose of the farm, and in answer to a letter from Solon, the oldest boy, stating that they had decided not to sell the farm, had come down in person to settle the matter. He looked very imposing indeed in his big fur coat, resplendent with sealskin gloves, silk hat, and cane.

"I have come down to look over the buildings, stock, and farming tools," he said, having greeted the children, Solon and his sister Lucy, and their younger brother Abner.

"But we are not going to sell," said Solon. "I stated that in my letter."

"We will talk of that later. I wish to secure an approximate estimate of the value of the farm. As I am your legal guardian, I trust that I am not overstepping the mark."

He said it in such a determined way that it fairly frightened both Solon and Lucy, and they began to wonder if there were not some quirk in the law which would enable their uncle to ride roughshod over their wishes.

"Here, let me put on that old straw hat," he said, placing his shining tile on the bureau; "I don't want to put a dent in that beaver while poking around in the barn."

"The property is worth upwards of five thousand dollars," he said while standing in the barn an hour later. "We will put it on the market and probably inside of a month you will be ready to move."

"But we are not going to sell," repeated Solon.

"Call your sister out here," said his uncle, tersely. "I have something to tell you which possibly may surprise you."

Solon and his sister looked pretty sober when he returned to the barn with her a few moments later; somehow they intuitively knew that undreamed-of trouble was at hand.

"When I make up my mind to do a thing, I usually succeed," said their uncle, impressively. "I am positive that it is best for you to go to the city. I had hoped to carry the business through without disclosing a certain fact to you, but such a course is evidently out of the question. There is a mortgage on this farm of two thousand dol-

lars, too much of a load for a boy of nineteen and a girl of seventeen to carry. I had planned to pay off this mortgage myself and deposit in the bank to your credit, as a trust fund, the entire amount received from the sale of the farm."

For a moment Solon and Lucy stood staring at each other in amazement. Up to that time they had not the slightest suspicion that the farm was otherwise than free and clear.

"When will you be ready to move to the city?" questioned their uncle, grimly.

"When we find that we can't meet the interest!" snapped back Solon.

"We thank you, Uncle Henry, for planning for our interests, and for your generous offer, but we will be happier to remain here and fight it out," said Lucy. "Father evidently kept the matter of the mortgage from us, so that we would not worry while children. Now that he is gone, we will keep the place because he wished us to. Abner wants to go to the city and was hoping you would find some place for him in your big business, but as for Solon and myself, we have made up our minds to remain on the farm."

"Then I am done with the whole tribe of you," thundered their uncle, opening the barn door. "Done with the whole of you! Expect absolutely no further help from me. I will have another guardian appointed at once."

Fairly trembling with rage, S. Henry Turner started toward the house. It was a new experience to him to be thus defied, and it was doubly galling, coming as it did from a mere boy and girl. He was so thoroughly enraged that he did not stop at the house, but stamped down the lane to the road, driving down his cane with violence at every step. It was nearly three miles to the depot, but he determined to walk, though the road was icy and treacherous.

"Solon, aren't we doing right?" questioned Lucy five minutes later as they walked back to the house.

"Of course we are."

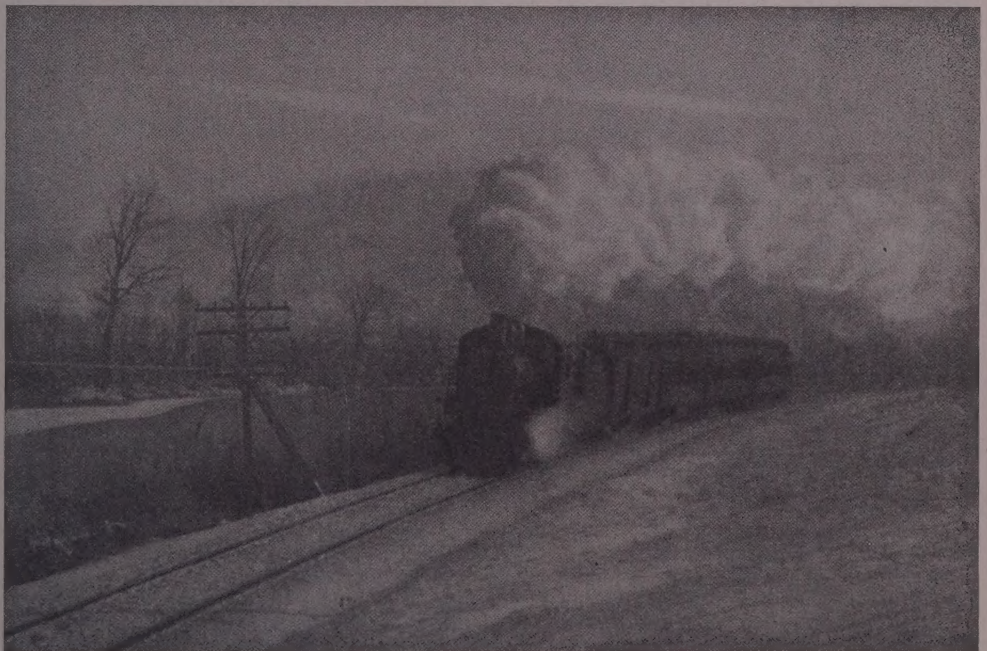
"It is too bad," said Lucy, crying. "He used to be so good to us. He always sent us nice presents every Christmas. It was only last summer that he sent us each a bicycle. Then when Abner broke his, he sent him another."

"He is awful good-hearted," said Solon, seriously. "Perhaps he will feel differently when he gets cooled down. Get him a nice dinner, Lucy."

Much to their astonishment, however, they discovered a moment later that evidently he had not stopped at the house. Abner, who was chopping wood in the shed, said that he had not seen him since he went to the barn with Solon.

"He ought to have the depot carriage," said Solon. "I'd harness up, but Dick is so smooth he would be down before he had gone five rods on this ice."

"Oh, it is just too horrible for anything, the way things have turned out!" cried



By Dr. F. F. Sornberger.

"The train rolling in he retreated into the depot."



Lucy, bursting into tears. "The only close relative we have got on earth, to go away mad with us!"

An hour later, while Lucy was setting the table for dinner, she saw on the bureau an object that fairly made her eyes pop out of her head,—her uncle Henry's silk hat.

"Solon," she cried, "see what Uncle Henry has done! Gone off with that old straw hat on his head! Oh, can you see the picture?" she screamed hysterically,—*"a fur coat, seal-skin gloves, cane, and—a straw hat with a hole in it, just good enough for a scarecrow!"*

"How long has he been gone?" asked Abner, laughing uproariously.

"All of an hour," answered Solon, between peals of laughter.

"The train leaves in just half an hour," said Lucy, glancing at the clock.

"I can catch him," cried Abner, grabbing his cap and starting for the door. "Wrap it up while I am getting my sled."

"Look out that you don't smash it," said Lucy two minutes later, handing it to him at the door.

"Run! You've got to run!" shouted Solon.

Down the road started Abner at a lively pace. It was a mile to the top of Breakneck Hill, a hill nearly two miles long and ending at the depot. Once at the top, he knew that he would coast down the hill like the wind. It was a long run, and he was hampered by the sled, but his wind was good, and inside of ten minutes he had reached the brow of the hill, and, clutching the rim of the hat in one hand, at the same time holding on to the front of the sled, he started on the long coast.

Inside of thirty seconds he was whizzing down the hill at terrific speed, digging his toes into the ice and snow from time to time as he rounded the curves in the road. There was a sharp curve at the foot of the hill, close to the depot, and, as he rounded it, the sled slewed on a patch of smooth ice, pitching Abner headlong, and the next instant he was sliding ingloriously up to the platform with the silk hat under him.

Meanwhile Mr. S. Henry Turner had been impatiently pacing the platform. His anger had not cooled a bit; in fact, he was growing madder all the time. There were a score or more men and women waiting for the train, and they were all laughing, laughing at him, he thought. He glared at them at a loss to account for their merriment.

"Giggle! Giggle like a pack of imbeciles!" he muttered under his breath. "Haven't you ever seen a well-dressed man before?"

At that instant Abner met with his mishap, and as Mr. Turner saw his nephew pick himself up, still clinging to all that remained of the silk hat, which had come out of the wrapping paper, a great light dawned upon him, and with an exclamation of astonishment and wrath he snatched the straw hat from his head. There he stood for an instant, looking first at the straw hat and then at the wreck of the silk hat. A battle was being waged between the Joys and the Glooms, and for a moment the result was in doubt; but it was the Joys that prevailed, and the pompous Mr. S. Henry Turner burst into a hearty laugh.

"Thank you, my boy," he said, looking ruefully at his beaver. "You did your part. I have changed my mind; I won't go to the city to-day; I'll go back home with you."

The train rolling in shortly, he retreated into the depot and called up his haberdasher on the long-distance 'phone. "Send me a tile; the same as the last," he said, getting

connection and introducing himself. "Ship by first express to Bakersville.

"Now we will go back, Abner," he said, coming out and engaging the depot carriage. "Tie your sled on behind and get in and ride with me."

It was the real Uncle Henry that went into the house an hour later. Having shown the ruined silk hat, the while laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks, he laid his hand on Solon's shoulder, at the same time drawing Lucy into one arm.

"I guess you were right after all, children," he said. "It is a case of a farm for a silk hat. If you like the farm, it is the place for you. Before I leave town I shall pay off that mortgage,—a little Christmas present to you both. As for Abner, I am going to take him back to the city with me and set him to work in the office, sweeping, dusting, running errands, and—taking care of my silk hat."

## A Winter Sunset.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

KING WINTER'S audience hall is fair to see:

A level floor with rugs of ermine white;  
A roof of ash-gray marble arching free;  
Rich draperies in rainbow hues bedight;  
Across the western wall a lattice light  
Where willow hedges weave a chimney place;  
And there a ruddy fire,—warm, cozy, bright,—  
Which gives the gorgeous room its crown-  
ing grace.

## Travels of Tommy.

A CARPET OF BEES.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

(Trip Number Two).

"I'M going over to see Farmer Brown's beehives," remarked Tommy's father, at breakfast, on Saturday morning.

"We had a Nature Study on Bees' Swarming," said Tommy, as soon as he had finished his mouthful of cereal. He was remembering quite well now, not to talk with his mouth full. "May I come, too, Daddy—please?" he added hastily.

"You surely may, my son," was father's reply.

So off they set for Farmer Brown's home. There were the great brown beehives in a row in the sun!

"I'll take one of my trips," said Tommy, and in a twinkling, by the aid of what he had learned at school and a strong imagination, he had the following "trip":

Inside the hive! It was dark and gloomy, and there was a humming that never seemed to stop. But the bees, for once, were not very busy—that is, not all of them. A few were guarding a special part of the hives, where the "chambers" or rooms of wax seemed largest.

"Why do you work when the others do not?" Tommy asked.

"I'm not going with the swarm," replied the bee, who was a female bee, or "worker." "I'm staying with the new queen. She's asleep in there."

"I see some other big rooms, too. What are they for?" was Tommy's next inquiry.

"They're princesses—and if this queen doesn't do, one of them will reign," the

worker bee replied. "Here, you'd better get out of the old queen's way. Off she goes!"

Tommy only got out of the way just in time. The queen bee swept past him to the door of the hive. She was followed by hundreds and hundreds of bees, thousands and thousands and thousands, Tommy thought. They went in a very orderly way, and in files,—four files he counted, at one time, and then he was clever enough to slip between them and get to the door of the hive first, in fact, just as soon as the queen did herself!

The queen seemed a little uncertain, at first, which way to go. She turned this way and that, and you may know just how she seemed to feel if you stay for a time in a dark room and then go out into the sun.

"Go on, your majesty! Lead us, and we follow," Tommy thought he heard several of the bees saying to her, as they pressed round her. "We have to found a new city, O queen, and you are our mother and our head!" Encouraged by this, the queen, still a little hesitatingly, fluttered her wings and went on, into the sun. The farmer—what a *mountain* he seemed to Tommy, now!—had a brand-new beehive, upside down, and was watching the queen.

And now Tommy saw a strange sight, indeed! As the queen led on all the bees who had followed her seemed to form a square, or blanket! Head touched tail, so to speak, and wing brushed wing. They were so close he could have walked over them! They made a solid little square world! The queen led on: the carpet went after her—that curious, *living* carpet! The queen made straight for the bough of a tree. The carpet seemed to bend, double on itself, in folds, and to break into masses! Then the masses—masses of bees!—hung all over the bough. The farmer went softly to it, and held his beehive under it. But he did not hurry matters, Tommy noticed.

He noticed another thing, too. That wonderful blanket, or carpet, of bees had not been silent. No, a kind of song came from it, a steady hum, full of joy. Perhaps, if the little boy had known the bees' language, it might have sounded like this:

"On, on, on to the new!  
Away, away, from the old!  
In fairer fields we have work to do:  
The tale of our labors it never is told;  
We fill new hives with our fairy gold.  
On, on, on, on, to the new!"

It was very joyful: he knew that.

Then, at last, with a little help from the farmer, who had a long spoon in his hand, the queen fell into the new hive! And the bees, still singing, went after her. Tommy slipped in, and saw that they took orderly places at once! They formed a circle round the queen and bowed to her as much as to say:

"We have come with you, we will stay with you,  
Your will we will ever obey!  
We'll work for you, and we'll worship you!  
Oh, queen, whom we must obey!"

Very soon, they all seemed to fit into their places in the new home. The workers went out to gather honey and bee bread from the flowers. The queen began her own work of laying eggs as soon as there were cells to lay them in. The "swarming" was over!

"My next trip," announced Tommy, when he had described these "Travels" to his mother, "will be back to the old hive. I want to see which princess is queen!"



## The Next-door Neighbor.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"WHY, who on earth is this?" cried Mrs. Barton.

Tilly lifted a frowning face. "You know it's only me, mother," she said crossly.

"I didn't know but a stray thunder-cloud was coming to pay me a visit," her mother laughed. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"It's that awful baby next door," Tilly groaned.

"But I thought the question of that baby was settled forever," Mrs. Barton said. "Didn't you decide not to notice it at all?"

"Yes, I did," Tilly said soberly; "but the worst thing possible has happened!"

"What! Has the baby fallen and broken its neck?"

"It's almost worse than that," Tilly tearfully replied; "its mother asked me if I wouldn't care for it while she went to town. I don't mind caring for a dainty little baby like little Ethel's sister—she's awfully sweet in her little white dresses—but this baby has the same old faded dress on all day and she plays right in the dust! I felt like telling her I wouldn't touch such a dirty baby for the world."

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," Tilly confessed. "I just ran into the house. And I'm going to stay here until she goes away. The idea of her asking me to care for her baby—why, she's a stranger to us, she just moved in."

"I know—I've been intending to run over, but I've been so busy and she is rarely in the side yard so that we can strike an over-the-fence acquaintance. And their back yard has that high fence around it."

"I wish all of their yard had," Tilly said crossly.

Mrs. Barton looked at her daughter thoughtfully. "I wonder what the baby would look like if she were picked up out of the dust and"—

"So do I!" broke in Tilly, eagerly. "Oh, mother—could I?"

Her mother nodded understandingly. "We have a great tub and plenty of hot water," she smiled, "and I know of a pink ribbon that will look well on curly hair. But I thought you didn't want to have anything to do with her."

Tilly hung her head. "I've changed my mind," she said. "It really isn't the baby's fault, you know."

"Then run along and ask her mother if you may bring her over. I hope she will not think you are rude because you ran away."

"Maybe she'll think I came in to ask you."

"You can hardly see her face," Tilly said doubtfully as she gingerly brought the next-door neighbor in. "I found her just throwing the dust over herself and laughing."

"A trick you used to have," her mother laughed. "I used to clean you up and ten minutes later I would hear the most hilarious of chuckles and you would be making a regular fountain of dirt with a big tin spoon you used to play with. Then I'd clean you up again"—She broke off and laughed.

"Her mother wanted to wash her up before I came away," Tilly said; "but I told her we would do it—we have so much hot water. She was pleased—she said she was in an awful hurry." She knelt by the baby, which was looking around with interested eyes.

"Baby want to take nice bath?" she asked.

"Um-um!" grunted the baby, holding

up her clothes and pointing toward her plump body with satisfaction.

"Her underclothes are clean and except for a little dust her body is as white as your own," Mrs. Barton said as she removed the little one's clothes. "Tilly, run in the bedroom and got me those little dresses and things on the bed. They are things you outgrew when you left the dust-throwing age."

Tilly stopped in the doorway. "Mother!" she said, "I don't believe she's got but two dresses—this one and a faded red one. Do you suppose that's the reason she doesn't keep her daintier—the mother looks tired and poor?"

"You are not very lucid," her mother smiled, "but I think I understand. It's hard to keep a lively youngster clean with a dozen changes. I think you may open that drawer and bring me that little organdy dress in there. I made it for Cousin Beth, but I've a fancy to see how it looks on little Curly-head here. Bring the skirts and all."

"Curly-head" splashed and gurgled through her bath and emerged smiling with damp curls clinging to her neck. Her hair was brushed and each curl shone. The pink ribbon was fastened on top.

"The pink and white socks just fit her," Tilly cried, "but do look at her shoes. I wonder if she has a Sunday pair?"

The curly head shook earnestly. "All mine soos," she said, pointing to her worn sandals with mouth drooping, "No soos!"

"Poor little doll!" Tilly dropped on her knees and hugged the sweet little form. "Mother, let me spend the money in my bank. I've got seventy-five cents—will that buy her shoes?"

"I hardly think so—but I will pay half. We'll carry her down to a shoe store as she is—the darling!"

"Darling dot no soos!" The baby shook her head with droll mischief and then chuckled.

"You're going to have in just a minute," Tilly cried.

The pretty white-topped shoes were a dollar and a quarter and the baby was scarcely able to walk for admiring them, although she would not allow Mrs. Barton to carry her another moment. They were bending over her, laughing, when a startled voice cried:

"Baby!"

"Mutter! New soos!" With perfect equanimity the baby thrust out a foot to the peril of her balance and laughed up into the tired face that looked down at her in blank astonishment.

Mrs. Barton turned to the next-door woman. "I am afraid you think we are very presuming," she said, "but the baby is such a dear that we couldn't resist."

The mother turned sharply away. Tilly caught her hand impulsively.

"Don't be angry," she pleaded, "and please let her keep the things. I'll help to take care of her every day so that it won't be any more work for you."

The mother turned fiercely. "Do you suppose I care for the work?" she demanded. "I'd love to see her looking dainty. But when a person has to work—washing and ironing for some one else and hasn't enough clothes for a change—hardly"—She broke off and turned to Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't have asked your little girl to take care of her," she said, her face flushing, "but I received a message to come right away and see about some work that I needed and the baby hadn't anything fit to wear."



By C. D. Meservey.

"DADDY CAN'T FIND ME."

"Mother has lots of my dresses for her," Tilly cried, "and I'll take care of her every day."

"And we'll try to be better neighbors," Mrs. Barton smiled, taking the new neighbor's arm. "Shall I carry you home, Miss Curly Locks?"

The baby thrust out one foot. "New soos!" was all she said as she toddled ahead.

## A Little Visitor.

THERE'S a busy little fellow,

Who came to town last night,  
When all the world was fast asleep,  
The children's eyes shut tight.  
I cannot tell you how he came,  
For well the secret's hid,  
But I think upon a moonbeam bright,  
Way down the earth he slid.

Then he took a glittering icicle  
From underneath the eaves,  
And with it, on my window,  
Drew such shining silver leaves,  
Such fair and stately palaces,  
Such towers and temples grand,  
Their like I'm sure was never seen  
Outside of fairyland.

Who is this busy little man,  
Whose coming brings us joy?  
For I'm very sure he's welcomed  
By every girl and boy;  
The little stars all saw him,  
Though they will not tell a soul;  
But I've heard his calling card reads thus:  
J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.

HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

We should never blend our pleasure, or our pride,  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.  
WORDSWORTH.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

DUNDEE,  
38 Rankine Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian church, Dundee, every Sunday, also the Sunday school, where we get *The Beacon*. I enjoy reading the letters and all the other matter very much.

Our minister Rev. H. Williamson, who is also superintendent of our Sunday school, has organized meetings which are called The Young People's Unitarian Christian Society. We meet one week for religious education and the next as a literary society. They are really very interesting.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. Hoping to hear from you soon,  
Yours sincerely,  
JANIE FOREMAN.

GROTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little boy seven years old and my father is the minister of the Unitarian church at Groton, Mass. I go to the Boutwell school and I am in the fourth grade.

Your friend,  
ROBERT FORD CRESSEY.

We wish our readers might see, also, the careful drawing of a spray of blackberry vine, in autumn colors, which Robert placed at the head of his letter.

WATERBURY, CONN.,  
297 Lincoln Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Universalist Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I study about the Bible every Sunday. There are six girls in my class. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much. I am nine years old.

Yours sincerely,  
HELEN RICHARDSON.

## From the Editor to You.

"Live Wires." Yesterday a man was working on the telegraph wires which stretched along a city street. The lineman tested the current in each of the wires. Those which were connected without a break with the main source of the electricity were "live." A message might be sent over them. If one fell to the earth when broken, and touched the ground, the current still passed, and bright sparks would play about the broken end.

Another wire was stretched near the first. The workman tried that one too, and found electricity in it. It came not from the battery or generator; it was an "induced" current, made because the second wire ran so near to the first or "live" wire.

Can you read the electric parable in terms of the religious life? What we call *influence* is the effect produced in others by the full current of religion in one human heart. It is active, vital. Your Sunday school is an influence for divine things, when its members are "live wires," filled with the spirit of God. It induces a current of good will in the hearts that are brought near it. Your church preaches to the passer-by even when its doors are shut, because it is consecrated to truth and righteousness, to the highest ideals and the most devoted helpfulness.

DORCHESTER, MASS.,  
34 Harbor View Street.  
My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Channing Church. Our minister's name is Mr. Wellman. We have lots of nice times which are held in the church. Our last play was Friday the 12th, and we all enjoyed it as the little ones acted very nice. They took off the part of "grandmas."

Sincerely yours,  
JOSEPHINE DOLLIVER.

DETROIT, MICH.,  
22 Hancock Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. We get it every Monday and I read every story in it. I would like to join the Beacon Club very much. I am eight years old, and I am in the third grade at school. We go to First Unitarian Sunday school and I am in the Sunday school.

From your little friend,  
VIRGINIA SAFFORD.

WALTHAM, MASS.,  
27 Pleasant Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I have been going to the First Parish Sunday School since I was five years old.

I like *The Beacon* very much.  
Your friend,  
MARY PAGE TEELE.  
(Age 13.)

Other new members of the Beacon Club, some of whom send answers to puzzles, are Phyllis Pollok, Denver, Col.; Charlotte Jacob, New York City; Clarence Remtema, Grand Rapids, Mich. In Massachusetts, Irving D. and Kenneth Miller, Ashby; Gordon Walker, Dorchester; Barbara Osborn, East Fairhaven; Estella Draper, Hopedale; and Harriet Deacon, Nantucket.

The children who pass out of its doors to the home, the school, the playground, carry with them a spirit which helps other lives. Are you a "live wire" for your church, for your school, for all that spirit of love and goodness which is the spirit of God?

## A Correction.

The Editor was caught napping. In the story on the children's page in our issue for December 6, the author's illustration of sandwiches cut in crescent form was given, accompanying the text which stated that they were like the little new moon. One of our most clever and accurate scientific readers, Miss Cora H. Clarke, daughter of James Freeman Clarke, calls our attention to the fact that the little moon which was represented was not the new moon but the old one in its last quarter. She has written a little rhyme which will help us all to remember where the new moon may be seen and which way its back is turned, also the position in the sky and the direction of the old or last-quarter moon. I am sure many of our child readers will like to learn it. Here it is:

O fair new moon! You sink in west at night  
With back turned to the right;  
While, beauteous old moon, to the left it lies,  
Climbing the morning skies.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXXII.

I am composed of 45 letters.  
My 37, 32, 5, 22, 9, 24, is a semi-precious stone.  
My 17, 23, 27, 40, 15, 44, 30, 6, 36, is an instrument of a wireless receiving outfit.  
My 11, 3, 26, 37, 29, 13, 42, 21, is a synonym of qualified.  
My 5, 35, 20, 41, 42, 12, is a boy's name.  
My 25, 38, 2, 33, 10, 16, 14, is a time all children like.  
My 41, 8, 34, 26, 4, 2, is the most essential part of a wireless outfit.  
My 7, 43, 19, 20, is the midpart of the day.  
My 24, 18, 45, 39, 3, 43, 28, 33, 1, 7, is a minister.  
My 31 is the sixth letter in the alphabet.  
My whole is a quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LINCOLN FAIRLEY.

### ENIGMA XXXIII.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 13, 14, 18, 9, 4, is a flower.  
My 8, 5, 6, 9, 3, is something we live in.  
My 9, 13, 11, 5, 15, is something you use when you eat.  
My 17, 14, 1, 9, is a grain.  
My 10, 14, 7, is an animal.  
My 16, 7, is a pronoun.  
My 2, 11, 12, 3, is where you like to be.  
My whole is a magazine.

HAZEL W. FISHER.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. Man's name.
2. Horses fastened together.
3. A weed of the Bible.
4. A warning.

Scattered Seeds.

### A RIDDLE.

Old Mother Twitchhead had but one eye,  
And a long tail which she let fly;  
Every time she went over a gap  
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

C. LESLIE BOOTH.

### ANAGRAMS.

I.

I suppose the ..... will search until there are no more stars.

II.

The ..... must mind his map.

III.

The ..... must not complain while I hire parsons.

IV.

What though the frost her finger ...., to purchase  
... she trips.

Youth's Companion.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 13.

ENIGMA XXVIII.—Boston American.

ENIGMA XXIX.—The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

CHARADE.—Sea-urchin.

A CORN ROAST.—1. Unicorn. 2. Acorn. 3. Cornet. 4. Capricorn. 5. Cornwallis. 6. Corner. 7. Cornwall.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Pope, Hood, Plutarch, Orinoco, Palermo, England.

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